

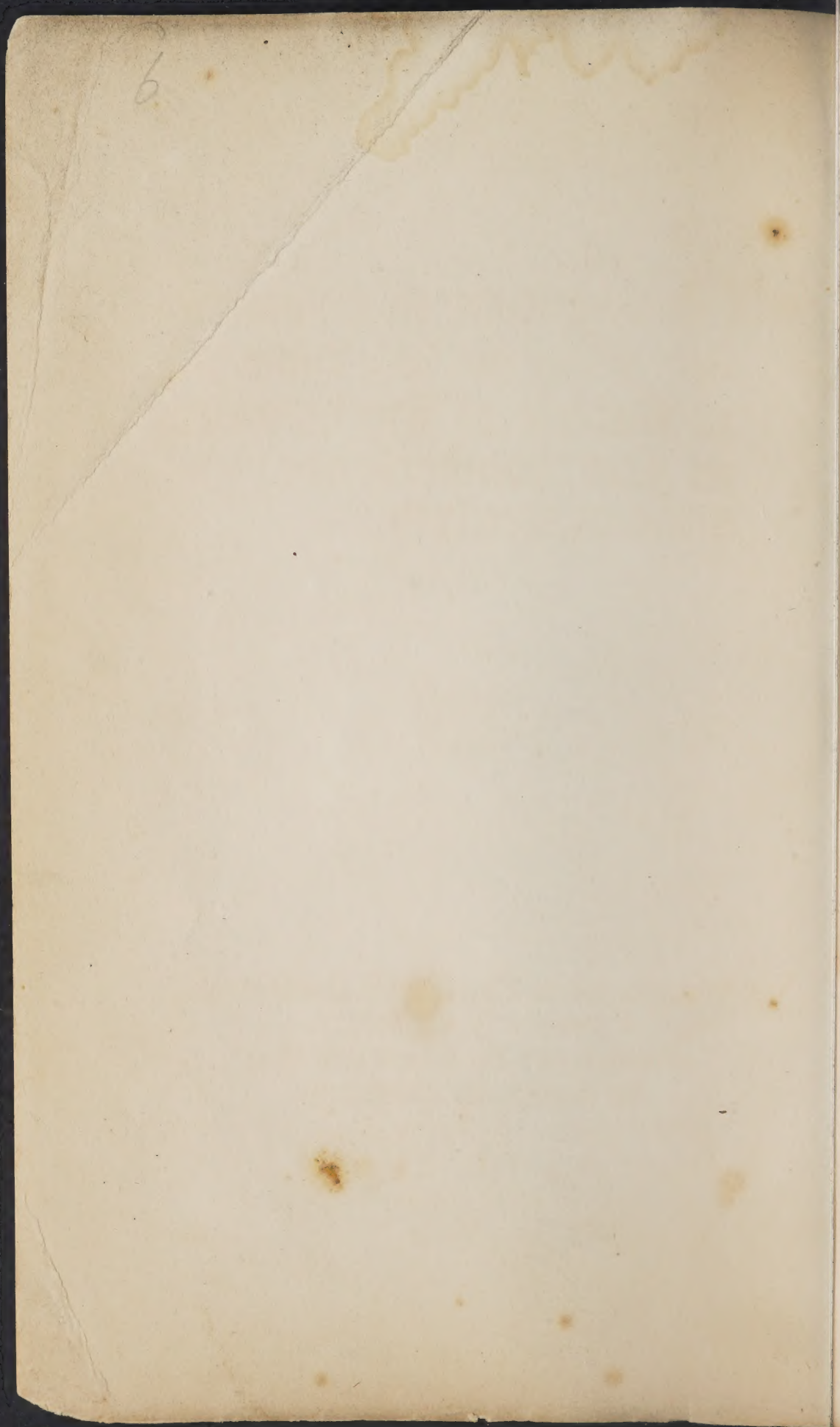
A Songe made in Edwarde  
the Fourthe hys tyme of  
ye Battele of Herhamme,  
in Northomberlonde:  
anno m.cccc.xiv.



Newcastle-upon-Tyne: G. A. Richardson.  
London: J. R. Smith.  
Edinburgh: R. Grant and Co.  
Herham: E. Pruddah.

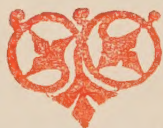
PRICE ONE SHILLING.







✠ A Songe made in Edwarde  
the Fourthe his tyme of  
ye Battele of Herhamme,  
in Northomberlonde:  
anno m.cccc.lxiij.



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To the Reader.

**W**hilst rummaging in a certain dark and dingy garret in the vicinity of the ancient town of Berham, was the following ballad recently discovered. It certainly does not rank with the famous ballads of an older date, but as serving to shew the spirit of the times, and to commemorate the finishing stroke to the fortunes of Henry the Sixth, and his Queen Margaret, it will be found curious and interesting;—at least, so it is hoped by  
Your humble servant,  
the Discoverer.



Co. 1st Regt. N.Y. Cavalry  
The Battle of Gettysburg  
July 1st - 3rd 1863  
P. 11  
The following  
names of the  
officers and  
men who  
were killed  
in the  
battle of  
Gettysburg  
are given  
in the  
order in  
which they  
fell.  
The names  
of the  
officers  
are given  
in full.  
The names  
of the  
men are  
given in  
full or  
in part.  
The names  
of the  
officers  
are given  
in full.  
The names  
of the  
men are  
given in  
full or  
in part.



✠ The Battele of Herhamme  
in Northomberlonde:  
anno m,cccc.lxiij.



**T**he fayre queene Marguerite  
In all her armor dight,<sup>a</sup>  
The fayre queene Marguerite,  
She bowynd<sup>b</sup> her to ye fyght.

The fayre queene Marguerite  
Hath cum from Normandie,  
She garde<sup>c</sup> them not a fewe,  
Cum with her owre ye see.

<sup>a</sup> decked.

<sup>b</sup> prepared.

<sup>c</sup> caused.



The fayre queene Marguerite  
Fyve thousande menne hath she ;  
Fyve thousande menne and tru,  
All galliant knyghts they be.

10

All galliant knyghts so brav  
Dycke with their ladye ryde,  
All galliant knyghts and bould  
Schall stonde them by her syde.

15

If soth sic dowghtye<sup>d</sup> crewe  
My towe eyne never se,  
The leide their wyves and bairnes  
To fyght for their ladye.

20

An oste of Skottes menne  
And Englyshe lordes they be ;  
Of dowghtye yemen bould  
And Knyghts from Normandie.

<sup>d</sup> sturdy.



Ye brad Clarenne doth ryde, 25  
Duke Sommersette in frunt,  
Gret Cretter and Roos,  
And Greye of Rugemont.

Proud Angreford and Wiltts,  
Sir Neville Humphery, 30  
And Edmonde Monteforte,  
All fyght for kyng Harry.

All of ye rosen red,  
A godelye<sup>e</sup> thrang and gaye,  
With sworde, and spere, and bowys, 35  
They speid them on ye waye.

From Hedgelye-more<sup>f</sup> they yode<sup>g</sup>  
Tyll Berhamme towyn they se,  
All on ye syde of Tyne,  
And with ye blist abbeye. 40

<sup>e</sup> goodly.

<sup>f</sup> vide note A.

<sup>g</sup> went.



They holte them on ye hyll  
W'nye ye towyn untoe ;  
Ye towyn with all ye towres,  
Doth lye ye hyll belowe.





## Fytte ye Seconde.

**I**ff<sup>h</sup> they 'av sot ane houre  
They 'av not sotten more,  
When Montacute they spyde<sup>i</sup>  
Apeare ye wallis before.

Prowd Montacute doth speid<sup>5</sup>  
To giv them bloodye fyght,  
With fulle thryce thowsande menne  
In armorie bedight.

<sup>h</sup> if.

<sup>i</sup> spied.



Then up upon their feids  
Fulle hastilee they lope,<sup>k</sup>  
With Montacute they 'gin  
Byte stalwurthlye' to cope.

10

When hye ye ancyent<sup>m</sup>  
Duke Sommerfette he swonge  
And out he quycklye drewe  
Hys sworde so scharpe and longe.

15

And bouldly he did showte  
And bouldly showted he,  
'For Marguerite our Queene  
'And for gode Kyng Harry.'

20

P'feth he wightlye<sup>n</sup> sprete,<sup>o</sup>  
He swapte<sup>p</sup> both lefte and ryghte,  
He gat hym nee<sup>q</sup> untyll<sup>r</sup>  
Prowd Montacute to fyght.

|                          |                          |                                |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| <sup>k</sup> leaped.     | <sup>l</sup> stoutly.    | <sup>m</sup> standard.         |
| <sup>n</sup> vigorously. | <sup>o</sup> sprung out. | <sup>p</sup> struck violently. |
| <sup>q</sup> near.       | <sup>r</sup> against.    |                                |



‘Cum Montacute,’ he says, 25  
‘Cum brake a spere with me,  
‘For Eduarde thou schalt smyte,  
‘And I for Kyng Harry ;

‘And shame be on hys pate  
‘That hear a fote doth flye, 30  
‘For thou or I y’feth  
‘Thys daye schal liker<sup>s</sup> dye.’

Then out spak Montacute  
And bravelye out spak he,  
‘Duke Sommerfette I vowe 35  
‘Thys daye wyll I not fle.’

With sworde and spere they swapte  
Eche other’s helmes upon,  
Fulle doughtilee I trowe,  
And not a fote they ronne. 40

<sup>s</sup> surely.

<sup>t</sup> ran.

And someing be their steids,  
And sworde and spere be throst,  
Long whyle they bete and presse,  
And meikle<sup>u</sup> blode is losse;

Then Montacute he stroke  
Ye Duke with mightte sowynd,  
He gub a grevous grone,  
He fell unto ye growynd.

45

And Montacute he sprete  
Amonge ye battel sore,  
And swapte he hear and thare,  
And slewghe<sup>v</sup> he full a skore.

50

Brave Roos, and Ungreforde,<sup>w</sup>  
Sir Greye of Rugemont,  
And Edmund Monteforte  
Hav fallen in ye frunt.

55

<sup>u</sup> much.

<sup>v</sup> slew.

<sup>w</sup> Vide note B.



And mony a knyght and lorde  
Of Lankastre is flone,  
And of that nobel ofte  
Fore thousande menne are gone.

60

It was a dredefulle daye  
The fyght of Herhamme Hyll,  
Soth mony a gailiant knyght  
And dowghtye yeman fell;<sub>x</sub>

It was a dredefulle daye  
Of blode and swat and flour,  
And maye I never loke  
Upon sik<sup>y</sup> battel more.

65

Queene Marguerite doth flye,  
Sche flyeth hastilee,  
Prince Edyuarde hyr bairne  
He bares hyr companie.

70

They fle into ye wode,<sup>z</sup>  
Ye wode is long and darke,  
Ye wylde-byrdys they skreme,  
Ye hungre wolbys barke.

75

They fle, and fle, and fle,  
They fle ane night and daye,  
Ye queene sche spyde a beild<sup>a</sup>  
Wharin themselvis to laye.

80

Untoe ye beild they clomb,  
It was a dredefulle cav,  
A cav so coulde and darke,  
Belyke<sup>b</sup> a myghtte grave.

But quicke there sall appere  
Beforn<sup>c</sup> there hyding place  
A cruell vilane<sup>d</sup> bande  
Of Robin-Hode hys rayffe.

85

<sup>z</sup> wood.

<sup>a</sup> a shelter: *vid.* note C.

<sup>b</sup> like to.

<sup>c</sup> before.

<sup>d</sup> rascally.

*perhaps*



Not lyke to Robin-hode,  
The was a 'gentle theefe ;'  
Soth they did spill<sup>e</sup> ye Queene,  
And never gear<sup>e</sup> they lese.

90

But they 'av cum to fyght  
Abowt ye getinge<sup>g</sup> gowd ;  
Ye Queene sche doth escape  
Hir from ye wycked croude :

95

And in ye wode so longe  
They fle, and fle, and fle,  
All with ye littel Prynce  
Fulle quycklye flyeth he.

100

And coulde and hungre sore  
Hav tane them as they flye,  
And wearye be their lymbes,  
They laye them downe to dye.

<sup>e</sup> spoil.

<sup>g</sup> goods.

<sup>g</sup> booty.

When bye there yode a churl,<sup>h</sup>  
Of Robin Hode hys rayse,  
And he doth spyre ye pare  
In their newe restinge place.

105

Ye queene he doth aryse  
And tell to hyr hyr dill,<sup>i</sup>  
'Your prynces and lawfulle queene  
'I prythe do not kyll.'

110

Wh'feth ye churl foresede,<sup>k</sup>  
Untoe ye queene vowed he,  
'I wyll your fethful childe,  
'And humbell servante be.'

115

Soth he did speik hym trewe,  
And all hyr dule<sup>m</sup> pitie,  
He layne<sup>n</sup> hyr in ye wode,  
He browghte hyr to ye se :

120

<sup>h</sup> villain.

<sup>i</sup> grief.

<sup>k</sup> gave heed.

<sup>l</sup> knight.

<sup>m</sup> sorrow.

<sup>n</sup> concealed.



Belyfe,<sup>o</sup> in littel schip,  
She sped hyr home untoe,  
She sped hyr day and nyght,  
Ar<sup>p</sup> she hath reched Anjoue.

Kyng Harry he was tane,  
He dyed hym in hys thrall,<sup>?</sup>  
King Harry vj I trowe  
Hys was ane myghtte falle.

125

I wys yow ken ye ende  
Of dredefulle Herhamme Hyll,  
Whar mony galliant knyghts  
And dowghtye yemen fyll.

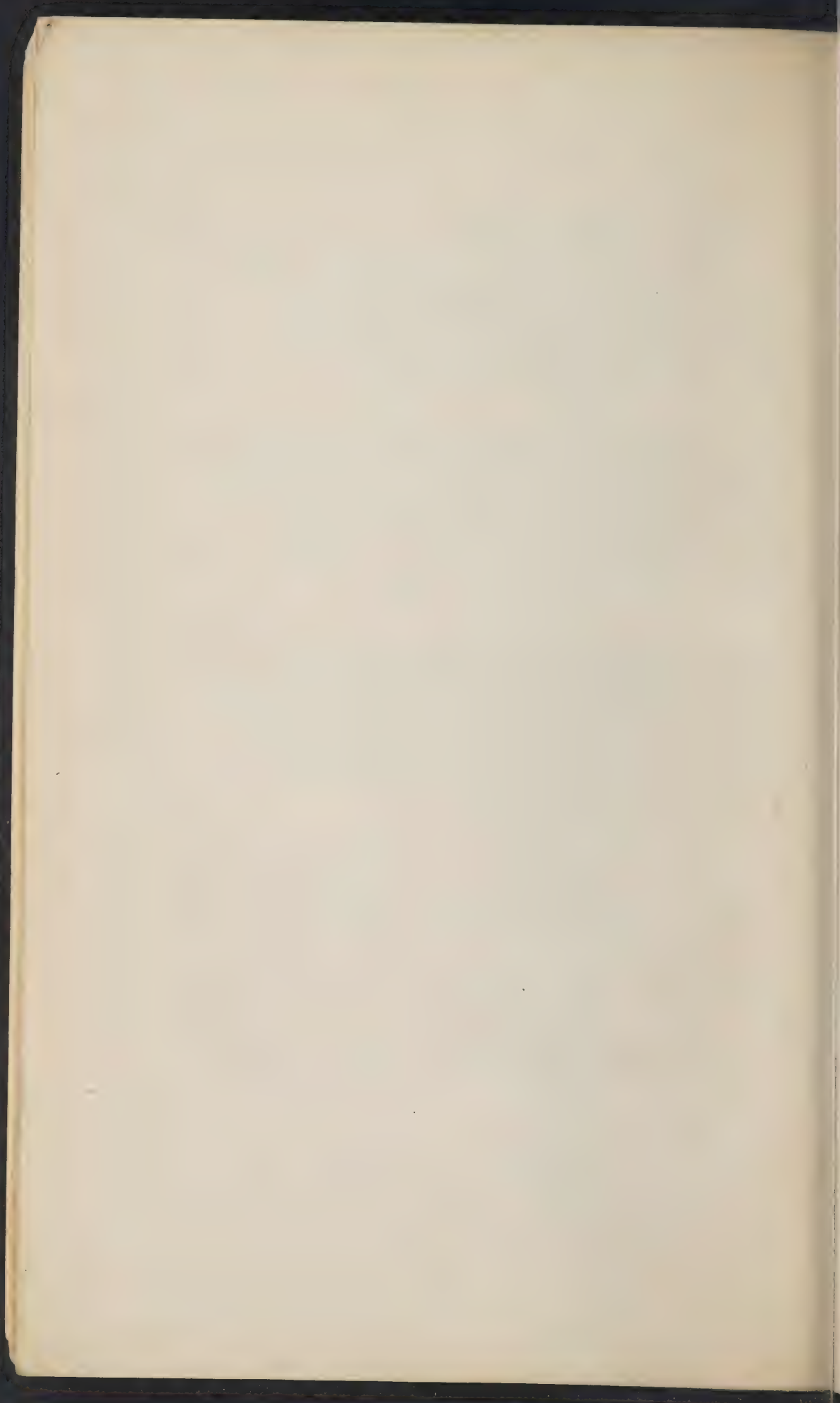
130

<sup>o</sup> shortly.

<sup>p</sup> till.

<sup>?</sup> captivity : *vide* note D.







## NOTES.

A. *Hedgely-more*.—After the signal defeat of the Lancastrians at Towton, on the 29th of March 1461, Henry and Margaret made their escape into Scotland. Having prevailed on James III. to espouse their cause, and queen Margaret having meanwhile induced Louis XI. of France also to grant assistance, in 1464 they made an inroad into England.

They received a check at Hedgley, in the parish of Eglingham, eight miles west-north-west of Alnwick, from lord Montacute, or Montague, brother to the earl of Warwick, and warden of the east marches between Scotland and England.

Encouraged by this success, Montague proceeded, with his own troops alone, to attack the Lancastrians at Hexham. The result of this movement was, we know, successful beyond expectation.—*See Hume and Smollet, chap. xxvii.*

B. *Roos, and Ungreforde*.—Historians tell us that both the Lords Roos and Hungerford, as indeed the Duke of Somerset also, were taken in the pursuit after the battle, and beheaded at Hexham. It is probable therefore that our chronicler has slain the last mentioned by single combat for the sake of incident, and the two former he may have caused to perish on the field as being a more illustrious ending to their disasters. Such poetic licences however, may fairly be allowed to pass without cavil.

C. *A beild*.—This cave must be well known to all who are acquainted with the neighbourhood of Hexham. It is well worth a visit, not only for its interesting associations, but likewise for the for the very beautiful scenery in the midst of which it is situated.

It is about three miles south-west from Hexham, in the midst of a ravine, forming part of the West Dipton woods.

A few feet above the level of the stream, in a steep bank, will the entrance to the cave be discovered, now so filled up with sand that none but those of ordinary proportions could force an entrance. Within, there is not sufficient space to admit of standing upright.

When the discoverer of this ballad visited the spot, he, with his friends, made a crackling fire in the cave, and endeavoured to picture the scenes of old, but being forcibly ejected therefrom by smoke, the illusions vanished, and they came to the conclusion that it must indeed have been a most unkindly shelter for the discomfited queen and youthful prince.

(D.)     'Kyng Harry he was tane,  
             He dyed hym in his thrall.

When the Earl of Warwick expelled Edward in 1470, Henry was for a short time liberated and reinstated on the throne.

The battle of Barnet in 1471 however, and the death of Warwick, again turned the tide of fortune against the Lancastrians.

Queen Margaret and her son, supported by a small body of French forces, landed at Weymouth on the very day of the battle, and, hearing of the disaster, took sanctuary in the Abbey of Beaulieu.

Some men of rank encouraged her still to hope for success, and she accordingly once more sallied forth with a chosen band. They were met by Edward at Tewkesbury, on the banks of the Severn, and totally defeated, on the 4th of May.

Margaret and her son were taken prisoners. The unfortunate young prince was, we know, most barbarously murdered; the Queen was thrown into the Tower; and King Henry expired in that confinement a few days after the battle of Tewkesbury.—*See Hume and Smollet, chap. xxvii.*





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